

and light for darkness." Was the world ever more full of perverters of truth—men groping in labyrinths of modern theology, putting the darkness of their theories for the "light of life?" "Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." How many would-be-Christians today are wiser in their own eyes than He who has all wisdom! How many are trusting in their own methods of salvation!

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink: which justify the wicked for reward." Surely a million victims a year will indicate that America has a few that are mighty to drink wine, and to mingle strong drink. But what about those who legalize the saloon for the sake of the license fee? Is not this justifying the wicked for reward? Taking the righteousness of the righteous from him.

Woe unto the wild grapes, not of Judah but of America! "I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down; and I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned, nor digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns."

#### WHAT IS ANCESTRY WORTH?

C. ORVILLE WITTER

Last fall I chanced to be talking with a young lady who took great pride in her ancestry. "I have good birth and that is worth more than wealth" she said, and I can not dispute that, for neither in itself amounts to anything in the long run.

She could trace her ancestors back to the early settlement of the colonies. There had been great men in that line of ancestry, and, of course, every one possessed of that family name had the elements of greatness. "Great in that strange spell,—a name." While she was fully cognizant of her own good qualities she was equally cognizant of the faults of others. Among the many things of which she delighted to make sport was religion and especially any peculiarities of form or practice among the Christian denominations. Often she would laughingly remark that her allowance of religion was short.

As I sat thinking of our conversation I began to reflect upon my own ancestry. I certainly could not boast of any very famous ancestors. My father was only a farmer and my mother a cooper's daughter. I ran back over the line for several generations. There were farmers, teachers, coopers and one preacher but none the world would call great.

The thought kept lingering in my mind, however; and suddenly as I

thought of some of her irreverent remarks, I remembered that I did have kinship with nobler souls than any she had mentioned.

As I looked back over that line of farmers, coopers, teachers and preachers I learned that they were the children of a King. Not of some terrestrial ruler whose reign is for a few short years, to be overthrown by some more powerful potentate, but children of the King of the Universe.

Then I remembered how that same King adopted me as one of his sons a few years ago; how he had lifted me out of the depths of sin and ignorance and taught me to know him and his Holy Son, my brother forevermore. Could I ask for a more noble relation? Could I desire a greater inheritance than that of a mansion in my Father's house when that Father is the Omnipotent God of the Universe? When those who cling to their earthly foibles are numbered with the lost, and have turned their faces away from God, he will take me up because I sought him when he could be found.

That Father is no respecter of persons. He is ready and willing to adopt any and all poor sinners who will come to him and ask adoption. What he has done for all his children he is willing to do for the thousands and millions who have not sought him if they will seek him.

### Home Circle

#### Can You Answer?

The question's not a new one, dear,  
But one that every day  
Comes to some girls and boys I know,  
While at their work or play.

My Nanny comes to me at morn,  
And with beseeching look,  
Asks me if I can tell her where  
She'll find her slate or book.

And Teddy comes to me, and says,  
Sometimes with downcast eye,  
"Mother, will you not please to come  
And help me find my tie?"

And Alice, too, comes with a frown,  
When going out for play;  
"Oh! Mother, dear, what did I do  
With my hat yesterday?"

No hat is found out in the hall;  
The book's not in its case;  
No tie is found upstairs to be  
In its accustomed place.

Now me the reason tell, my dear,  
And quickly, if you can,  
Why all these things may not be found  
By Alice, Ted, or Nan?

The question's not a new one, dear,  
But one that every day  
Comes to some girls and boys I know,  
While at their work or play.

—Grace A. Cannon.

They do a noble service for the nation, the church, and posterity who devote themselves to making a true home. This is a very real and important duty before earnest

young people. The home requires more of our time, more of our thought, more of our best. There is grave danger in neglecting the home for the sake of religious and social meetings and enterprises. The home should be first.—*Forward.*

#### Morning Hour

The Morning Star.

Dean Farrar tells us that his mother's habit was, every morning immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend the hour in reading the Bible and other devotional books, and in meditation and prayer. From that hour as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfill all her duties, and to remain unruffled by the worries and pettishness which are often the intolerable trials of narrow neighborhoods. He says he never saw her temper disturbed, nor heard her speak one word of anger or calumny or idle gossip, nor saw in her any sign or any sentiment unbecoming to a Christian soul. Her life was very strong, pure, rich, and full of blessing and healing. And he says it was all due to the daily morning hour spent with God in the place of prayer.

#### Is It Wrong to Attend the Dancing School?

Selected.

We know a superintendent of a Sunday-school who has his boy take lessons in dancing. It is well known that multitudes in the churches think the same course to be a wise one. But how many of these Christian parents have any knowledge of the dance as it exists today? If they knew but one tenth of the evil that takes place in and results from the dance halls, and even private parlor dances, we feel sure that they would at once take their children from so great danger.

What can be the object of this Sunday-school superintendent, but that his boy may learn to do as the world does, to mingle more gracefully in its society, to spend his evenings in that which they think is the queen of worldly amusements? If this be his object, how can it be reconciled with the admonitions, "Be not conformed to this world," (Romans 12:2;) "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (I John 2:15;) "A friend to the world is the enemy of God" (James 4:4.)

The Bible clearly indicates that there is to be a dividing line between the world and the disciple of Christ. On which side is the dance?

Are the low cut dresses, bare arms, and tightly clinging gowns befitting the modesty of one professing to be clothed in Christ's robe of righteousness? Can the giddy music, the overheated room, the early morning hour, and the embrace of the opposite sex tend to purity of thought? Is the position assumed in the waltz tolerated in any other place? In a word, is it not all tending to temptation, if not actual sin? And how can a Christian pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and then allow his children to go into the most captivating temptation ever invented?